

Food Sickness

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Summary: The village of Berk comes down with a nasty food sickness, and Hiccup learns the hard way that Astrid isn't Astrid when she's sick.

Food Sickness

I am sooo sorry that I've been gone for so long, so hopefully this can make up for some of my absenceâ€|

This is for all you people that like my **The Best Things About Animals ****story- if you haven't read it yet, I'd appreciate it if you did!**

Anyways, please review!

The island of Berk was blessed with an abundance of food during the summertime- fish from the oceans and game from the forests, as well as the few plants that could grow in the harsh environments, and whatever was brought from merchant ships during trading season. Before the dragons became a part of Berk, a large percentage of that food was stolen from the village, which is what led to problems during the wintertime.

Now, however, the dragons had no reason to steal from the villagers, and did their fair share of work around Berk- including some hunting and fishing. Dragons could carry much more game than any Viking, and even managed to contribute to the gardeners- their dung apparently made great fertilizer. The alliance with the dragons brought a surplus of food, enabling Berk to actually participate in the trading business, something that had been a hardship beforehand. The village was able to indulge in luxuries that they hadn't been able to buy or barter before- things like cloths, jewelry, and other mainland items.

Now, in the month of May, the island of Berk was undergoing another

byproduct of the food surplus- something that had actually been around since Berk was founded.

Food sickness.

There wasn't an exact reason for why all of Berk fell sick at almost the same time altogether, so most of the Vikings were chalking it up to a bad catch, or a reaction to one of the fancy new spices from the mainland. Even the more intellectually endowed members of Berk were mystified by the suddenness of the sickness.

Almost everybody got it- Gobber, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruff and Tuff- you name 'em, they got it. Even Stoic had a short bout with the nasty bug, but the chief of the tribe was more than a match for it.

That and the fact that Hiccup was pretty sure if the food sickness had been a tangible object, his father would have grabbed it by the neck and wrung it into a dish rag. As it was, he wouldn't have been surprised if the virus had just been scared right out of the man. _He _wouldn't want to be the subject of Stoic the Vast's unrelenting rage.

The only reason Hiccup himself hadn't gotten it was because of how little he ate anyways- he apparently managed to miss the bad catch of fish, or whatever it was. It was a blessing in disguise, really- because he wasn't sick, he now got to take care of the rest of the village that was. Oh joy.

Still, the thing that was so different, soâ€¦perplexing about this particular brand of food sickness was that it didn't affect just the villagers of Berk. The dragons themselves were ill, which was something that Berk had never had to deal with before. Taking care of a village of muscle-bound boneheads was one thing- taking care of a village of muscle-bound boneheads _and _a village of huge fire-breathing lizards was another thing entirely. The Elder didn't even know which types of herbs were meant to heal dragons- up until now, Berk only wanted herbs that would hurt them.

Which meant that it was mainly up to Hiccup to figure out what the dragons needed. That was the fairly easy part- he had Toothless, after all. It was just a matter of process of elimination and yes-or-no questions.

Finding the herbs that would help the dragons had been simple. Administering it to themâ€¦was not. Still, even amidst the flames and the roaring and the tail-thrashing and the _mucus_, good Gods, the _mucus_- Hiccup was having a problem of the different variety.

"Toothless, where was it was it again?" Hiccup yelled across the small fishing boat to his best friend as he stood regally at the wheel. Or at least as regally as he could, taking into account the fact that the wheel itself was nearly as tall as he was. Toothless, perched on the head of the dragon that marked the bow of the boat, looked back at him in exasperation.

"I know, I know, I should have remembered after the third time we came here. I'm sorry okay? I'll write down directions this time!" Toothless flicked his tail, huffing out a wisp of smoke, and then unfurled his right wing, pointing it towards a towering cliff with a

number of small grassy ledges a quarter of the way up. As Hiccup looked closer, he could barely make out the thick stemmed herbs that he needed- cliff parsley.

The green sprigs grew exclusively on cliffs, needing the salt air and water to flourish. Unlike some other plants, it didn't die or wither when in contact with high concentrations of salt- in fact, based on Hiccup's observations and the books on herbs that he had gone through, the plant would die if it was given fresh water of any sort. The salt is what gave it its healing properties for the dragons- all of the fire-colored flowers that bloomed from the plants could help with inadequate fire production, while the roots and stems cured stomachaches- and yes, food sicknesses. Unfortunately, that also made it particularly foul-tasting, which didn't make Hiccup's time any easier.

Hiccup had made three trips to this particular cliffside, all for this plant. Beforehand, it had been him, Toothless, and Fishlegs that made the journey. In order for Hiccup to reach the cliff, he and Toothless needed to fly out to it- Fishlegs always anchored the ship down while the two were away. Now, however, Fishlegs was back in Berk, stuck on a cot in the sick quarters with the very sickness that Hiccup was trying to help eradicate.

In his place, Astrid had come this time. It wasn't that Hiccup didn't want her there; it was the very opposite, in fact. It was justâ€¦Astrid. The most gorgeous girl on Berk, and his- dare he say it- girlfriend, had volunteered to help him. At the moment, the said Viking was leaning against the mast of the fishing boat, looking both pale and flushed at the same time as her blonde hair blew around her face in the salty wind. She looked amazing, even when seasick (though Hiccup didn't dare mention that).

So of course, Hiccup figured that this trip was the one that was most likely to go wrong. After all, Astrid was here now, so what better time to make a complete fool of himself?

May the Gods help him.

"So, um, Astridâ€¦um. Toothless and I are goingâ€¦up. Up there, the rocks." Yeah, _that _sounded intelligent. Hiccup tried again.

"You anchor? The ship, you anchor the shipâ€¦while we go up. There. Me and Toothless."

Oh boy.

Astrid stared at him, her blue eyes looking strangely over-bright. Hiccup cringed, waiting for her to laugh at his awkwardness. Or punch him. Either way.

"Okay."

What? _Okay?_ No rolling her eyes, no new bruises to remind him that he had a brain? Just _okay_?

Hiccup nodded (though it was more of an anxious twitch), watching Astrid warily. Was this her version of a joke? Was something going to jump out and eat him? Did he look different? Hiccup risked a quick look around, making sure that he wasn't being stalked by eels, and

then glanced down, checking that he was still wearing all of his clothing.

He was.

Hiccup nodded again, with more conviction this time, and wobbled his way over to Toothless, the waves of the ocean making it difficult to walk on his prosthetic. Toothless slithered down the wooden dragon head, extending his half-folded wing for support. Hiccup smiled. Toothless looked at Hiccup with huge eyes, then pointedly over at Astrid, and back at Hiccup, waiting for an explanation for the girls behavior. Hiccup shrugged, glancing back worriedly. The blonde haired warrior was staring off into the sky, watching the ocean with a strange sort of blank fixation as she fiddled with the giant chain that held the anchor.

Hiccup shrugged again.

The sky was blue above them as Toothless flew, angling himself into the airstreams around him. The rare sunlight glinted off of his scales and shone on Hiccups hair, and Hiccup relished the warmth. Toothless hummed in happiness, banking gently to the left as Hiccup clicked the tail-fin into place. It had been a while since the pair had been able to fly, given the less than ideal circumstances. Hiccup missed it, and by the sound of it, so did Toothless.

The wind currents carried Toothless over to the cliff-face in a matter of seconds, the pair weaving through the air with practiced ease. The difficult part was the hovering- the ledges were too small for Toothless to land, and the wind was constantly pushing him towards the cliff. Hiccup had to constantly adjust the tail-fin to the ever-changing airstreams, trying to find a balance for Toothless to keep as he grabbed as many of the cliff parsley plants as he could, shoving them into the leather bag he had brought to hold them. A particularly strong gust of wind hit the pair, and Toothless wobbled in place, flaring out his wings to prevent crashing as Hiccup desperately clicked the tail-fin back.

Hiccup took a deep breath, glancing at the dragon before ripping half a dozen more plants out of the soil in his haste, stuffing them into the now full bag he held.

"I'm good buddy, let's go!" Toothless twisted, beating his wings against the winds as he flew vertically up, the face of the cliff racing past them. As soon as they reached the top, with the treetops receding beneath them, Toothless twisted, corkscrewing around as he shot towards the ship, Hiccup pushing his foot down to adjust alongside the dragon. Hiccup laughed headily, the sky and sea spinning around him, their colors intertwining with each other in a confusing blur. Toothless roared enthusiastically, curling his wings in close to his body against the wind.

The fishing boat, complete with a simple sail and roaring dragon head on the bow, came into view, twisting into Hiccups vision every time Toothless spun. It was nothing but a brown and red blur, but it grew larger and larger as they hurtled through the air straight towards it. Hiccup blinked, his eyes watering against the wind, and smacked Toothless' shoulder in panic.

"Toothless, BOAT!"

The dragon in question flared out his wings, snapping them out with sudden speed, and they jerked back before gliding smoothly over and around the ship. Hiccup gasped for air, his hair falling back into its normal place, and shakily clicked the tail-fin into a flat position. Toothless curved gently around, coasting down to the wooden surface, and landed, taking a few steps and shaking his head before sneezing.

Hiccup slid off of the saddle, his legs wobbling from the sudden changes in altitude and speed, and flopped to the ground. Toothless turned towards him, his yellow-green eyes huge and innocent. Hiccup glared.

"Useless heap of scales." He muttered under his breath, and Toothless gave him a very large, very _toothless _smile that said, quite simply, that he had had _everything_ under control.

Hiccup snorted.

After a few moments of figuring out how to use his legs, and another few of glaring at his grinning dragon in silence, Hiccup made his way over to where the anchor was normally coiled. It normally took a while for him and Astrid to get it back on the ship, even with Toothless' help.

Of course, the anchor had to be _in_ the sea for them to pull it up. Instead, Astrid was standing there, in the exact same place that Hiccup had left her, staring off into the same space. The anchor was still neatly wound up on the wooden floor, and the ship was slowly drifting away from the cliff and into the ocean.

"Astrid? Areâ€|um, are you okay?" Hiccup walked over to her slowly, wondering if she had fallen asleep standing up. Or if she was ignoring him. Or if he was dreaming.

The blonde Viking turned towards him with a start. Her skin was unusually pale, and yet her cheeks were flushed a light pink, and her eyes looked at him vacantly.

"Hiccup?"

He nodded slowly, wondering if he was missing some big piece of the puzzle that was Astrid. Maybe this was a big joke. He glanced over the railing of the ship, checking again for eels. Or squid. Anything that looked even vaguely dangerous.

There was nothing in the water below him, and he looked back at Toothless in question. Toothless looked right back at him, his eyes saying quite clearly that he had no idea what was going on. Hiccup looked down, checking that all of his limbs were still in their rightful spots, and then made sure that his clothing was properly arranged. They were. Hiccup took a deep breath.

"Astrid. Are you okay?" The girl blinked.

"Of course I'm fine. I'm watching the birds."

Hiccup looked up at the sky. The very empty sky, which held no birds whatsoever.

"Astrid, there are no birds." She looked back over at him, her eyebrows raised as though he was crazy.

"What birds? Hiccup, I never said anything about birds." Hiccup stared at her. Yes, he was definitely missing something.

"Thenâ€¦what are you doing?"

"I'm fishing."

"Without a net?"

"Of course I have shoes on. Are you feeling alright, Hiccup?"

By the Gods, what was happening? Hiccup stood there, mouth hanging open slightly as he tried to decipher what Astrid was saying. Toothless let out a little whine, sidling up to Hiccup side, and Hiccup snapped awake, closing his mouth and taking a step towards the girl.

"Uh, yes, I'm feeling fineâ€¦so, umâ€¦how about you?"

"I feel hot."

Hiccup blanched. This was not Astrid. This wasâ€¦he didn't know what this was. But it was not Astrid.

"You feelâ€¦hot." Alright. He could deal with this. She was hot. It was barely above 50 degrees on the ocean. And the wind was blowing. Hiccup glanced helplessly at Toothless, who shrugged. He glanced back over at Astrid, wondering if she had gone insane.

The blonde was fumbling with something on her hip, and Hiccup frowned. Should he ask her what was wrong? Would she answer with something that made sense, or with something about birds and shoes? Should heâ€¦what _should_ he do?

Something thumped to the floor, and Hiccup looked over at Astrid. Just as she stepped out of her armored skirt. And walked calmly over the railing, wearing the leather skirt that went under the metal plates and her leggings.

Hiccup stared. He was hallucinating. She was taking off her armor. Why was she taking off her armor? His mouth hanging open again, Hiccup stared in complete and utter silence as Astrid took off her shoulder armor as well. Toothless sat next to him, his eyes as big as Hiccup's head as he watched the girl, tilting his head to the side in confusion. He was missing something. A very big something. A something of astronomical size. _What was happening?_

Astrid climbed over the railing.

And let go.

Hiccup lurched forward with a rather unmanly screech of terror, his mind snapping out of its shock at the sight of her dropping towards the ocean. He raced over to the railing, slamming into it ungracefully and leaning over precariously, and watched as Astrid

splashed into the ocean, the water covering her head as she went under.

Toothless bounded forward, barely managing to stop Hiccup from instinctually following her over in his panic, catching the back of his fur vest with his teeth. Hiccup stumbled back, yelling incoherently at his friend. Toothless blocked Hiccup from the edge of the boat, keeping him back with his tail, a low whine sounding in his throat, until a very feminine voice sounded from below them.

"It's cold down here!"

Hiccup stopped yelling. Both he and Toothless looked over at the railing, and then back at each other.

"And wet!"

Hiccup darted over to the railing, Toothless following close behind.

"Astrid, what are you doing? Why would you do that?"

"Because I was hot! But I'm not anymore, because it's cold down here! And wet!"

The blonde splashed happily in the freezing saltwater, waving up at them as she floated on her back. Hiccup blinked. Something bumped Hiccup on the shoulder and the boy looked over with wide eyes; just in time to see Toothless slither off the side of the ship and into the water.

"Hiya Toothless! Come to join me?" The dragon made some sort of chittering noise, ending with an annoyed grumble, and Hiccup watched as his dragon slid smoothly through the ocean to reach the young girl.

"I told you, it's cold down here in- hey, what are you- no, I wanna stay! Toothless!" With an explosion of water droplets, Toothless burst out of the water, spraying clear drops of icy cold water with every flap of his wings. Astrid, who was clutched tightly to Toothless, kicked her feet angrily, smacking Hiccup in the back of the head as she flew over him.

Hiccup darted over as Toothless landed, shedding his fur vest in order to wrap it around Astrid. The blonde Viking glared at him and Toothless, water dripping from her bangs and into her eyes.

"Astrid, what were you thinking? Are you alright? That water is freezing!"

Astrid made a face at him, her nose and hands turning pink in the cold. Hiccup reached out to cover her with his furs, and was angrily swatted away. "I was hot! And I didn't want to be!"

Hiccup sighed, glancing up at Toothless, who looked down at him pointedly. Obviously Hiccup was supposed to fix her.

"Okay, look, Astrid? I think that you should put this on, so you can dry off, okay? And then you can count birds, or something like that." Astrid stared at him.

"What is it with you and the birds, Hiccup? There aren't any birds out today."

Hiccup buried his face in his hands. The trip back to shore was going to be a long one.

It took Hiccup a while to figure out that Astrid was sick. It was funny, actually- he, the Viking with superior intelligence over all the others, couldn't figure out what it was that was messing with his girlfriend until he was nearly back at Berk.

"My stomach hurts."

"Maybe jumping in the ocean will help." Hiccup muttered, only to be smacked on the back of the head by Toothless. "Ow! What?"

"I think I had a bad fish."

And then it clicked. The random things about birds and shoes, the hot feeling, the jumping into the ocean- it all made sense. Astrid had gotten the food poisoning.

Now, having dealt with other cases of food poisoning before, Hiccup pretty much knew the drill. Eat something bad, puke your brains out for a couple days, and then your right as rain- or at least, that had always been his experiences.

Well, wasn't that wonderful. A puking Astrid was bound to be as much fun as ship-jumping Astrid.

Hiccup sighed, rubbing his forehead. At least she had wrapped the furs around her, and she looked tiny in them, which made Hiccup feel very good about himself. Still, she was shivering, which wasn't a good sign. She was looking paler by the minute, which probably wasn't a good sign either.

The docks of Berk were coming up in Hiccup's view, and Toothless looked back at Hiccup.

"Buddy, can you go get the Elder? I think it's best that she helps with this." Not that he didn't want to stick around and get puked on, since that sounded like loads of fun.

Toothless nodded, giving Hiccup a gummy grin before launching himself into the air and shooting towards the village. Hiccup glanced worriedly down at Astrid. She was very still, just sitting there and shaking beneath his furs, staring with fever-bright eyes at a very large piece of nothing that rested on the deck.

Maybe he should stay with her. Dumping her off with the Elder wasn't a very boyfriend-y thing to do- but he had to get the cliff parsley to the dragons. They could probably wait a little bit, couldn't they? What if Astrid ran away from the Elder and jumped off a cliff because she got hot again? Didn't she need somebody to watch her?

"Oi! You're back, lad! Good t' see ya!"

Well, it seemed Gobber had gotten over the sickness pretty quickly. The large Viking stood on the docks, waving boisterously as the

fishing boat pulled up, and grabbed a hold of the bow to tie it off. Hiccup hopped down to the deck, crouching down next to Astrid.

"Can you walk? We're back at Berk. Let's get you to the Elder, okay?"

She stared at him. "Am I a leper?"

Hiccup sighed, then tugged the girl to her feet. Astrid let herself be pulled along, babbling all the while, which worried Hiccup. She never babbled. Astrid was not a babbler.

"You shouldn't touch lepers, Hiccup, you'll get yucky. I heard that from Snotty back on Berk. He said that you'll get yucky, and that your head will fall off, and then you'll turn into a mushroom. I don't think you want to be a mushroom. You wouldn't like to-"

"Oh, would you look at that!" Hiccup exclaimed. "There's the Elder! What a coincidence!"

Astrid turned her head towards the withered old woman, and promptly lost her balance, sagging onto Hiccup like a wet blanket- which she very well could have been. Hiccup stumbled, and Toothless, who had been trotting alongside the Elder, bounded over to help.

"Thanks buddy." Hiccup mumbled, wrapping his arm around his best friend's neck to stabilize himself and the girl that was currently fixated on his ear. The leather sack that contained the cliff parsley hung from his belt, thumping against his leg as he stood up.

The Elder was hobbling her way over, her giant cane digging into the pebbled pathway as she leaned against it. "Got the food poisoning, did she?"

Hiccup sighed, and swatted Astrid's hand away from his ear as gently as he could. "Nah, she just decided to go swimming for fun. I hear the water just as nice and freezing cold as it always is."

The Elder grinned, gaps showing in her smile from teeth long missing. "I see. And her fixation with your ear must have come from that swim as well?"

Hiccup snorted. For an old lady, the Elder had a good sense of humor. "It's a lovely ear, don't you think?"

The Elder cackled, gesturing with one hand for Hiccup to follow her as she turned around to hobble back up to her hut. "Come on, come on, we don't want her catching a chill alongside the sickness. Did you get the herbs?"

Hiccup fumbled for the bag, and handed it to the Elder. "Grabbed as much as I could fit in there."

"Good, good! I'll brew them up nice and hot once we get up to my hut. Then you can take it to the dragons, dear."

Hiccup tugged Astrid alongside him, pulling her away from a patch of flowers that were apparently quite interesting. "Actually, I thought I should stay with-"

"Of course you thought that, but you're not going to, dearie. Astrid will be perfectly fine with me while you help the dragons."

Hiccup sighed, and looked at Toothless. The dragon looked back at him, his yellow-green eyes gazing at him expectantly. "Yeah, yeah, I get it. Gotta fix up the dragons too." Hiccup sighed again. Astrid made a little noise beside him, and suddenly pulled out of his grasp.

"Candy!" Hiccup glanced over, yelping at the small green object Astrid held.

"Astrid, no! Caterpillar! Gross!"

The walk up to the Elder's house took longer than normal, what with Astrid tripping over every piece of nothing she could find, and trying to eat small insects behind Hiccup's back. Once they reached the hut, Hiccup was panting, and Astrid was singing something about narwhales and kittens. The Elder busied herself with clearing a spot for the girl, and setting a pot of water over the fire to steep the cliff parsley in.

"Now, once this is done, you can take it to the dragon-hold and administer it to the sick ones. Bring somebody with you too- I don't expect the dragons will be very happy about drinking this." Hiccup groaned.

"I'll keep Astrid here for the night, to make sure that her fever goes down- jumping into the ocean wasn't good for her in this condition." The old woman looked pointedly at Hiccup, who crossed his arms defensively.

"I didn't know she was sick! Or what she was doing! She just started taking her clothes off, and then randomly jumped overboard!"

The Elder turned around completely at that, raising an eyebrow. "She started taking her clothes off, hmm?" Hiccup blanched.

"That- oh man, that came out wrong. She took off her a_rmor_, not- not her _clothes_. And- yeah, armor." Hiccup fell silent, looking down at his feet as his cheeks burned. The Elder cackled wildly, stirring the cliff parsley before dumping it into a large bucket.

"Of course, her _armor_. Better get that off the ship before it rusts, or the missus here won't be happyâ€¦" she sang, handing the steaming bucket to the flushed boy, who staggered under the weight. Hiccup winced, remembering that he had left it on the deck right where Astrid had dropped it. Maybe Gobber had picked it up- he didn't know if he'd have the guts to go grab it. What would Snotlout say if he saw him walking around town with Astrid's clothes? What would his _father_ say?

"Um, I'll, uh, be sure to do that. Right. Bye!" And Hiccup darted out of the hut as fast as he could, glancing back over his shoulder to see the now-sleeping Astrid before he shut the door behind him.

By the _Gods_, _he_ hoped the Elder didn't tell his dad about the clothing mishap.

As expected, administering the cliff parsley brew to the dragons was brutal. There was lots of sneezing (on him, of course), and roaring, and tail thrashing, and flames, and yes, there was the dreaded _mucus. _Toothless helped of course, but there wasn't much more that he could do other than snarl at any dragons that snapped at Hiccup. Getting the medicine down the dragon's throat was up to the boy, and he was running out of inventive ways to do it.

Fun times.

Exhausted and covered in ash, Hiccup dragged himself home with Toothless nudging him from behind the entire way. Lights shone from the house, and Hiccup stumbled his way up the steps and through the door to grab his coat- only to be crushed in a giant bear hug.

"Hiccup! M'boy, where have you been all day?"

Hiccup squeaked, and his father hurriedly set him down. With a gasp, Hiccup stood up straight once again, twisting slightly to make sure his spine was still intact. "Hey, Dadâ€¦uh, I've beenâ€¦feeding the dragons."

His father frowned, his enormous eyebrows nearly covering his entire face. "For the entire night?"

"Feeding them medicine."

Stoic's expression cleared. "Ah, and they didn't like it much, I wager?"

Hiccup made a face, and his father laughed, a loud booming sound that rattled the floor. "Well, good for you, lad! Is it off to bed for you now then?" Hiccup winced. Now came the hard part.

"Uh, actually, I was going to go up to the Elders for a bitâ€¦" Stoic frowned again, looking at Hiccup closely.

"Are ya sick?"

"Um, no, but, you see, there's thisâ€¦bucket! This is the Elder's bucket, and I should reallyâ€¦get thatâ€¦back. You know. Soon. Now." Yeah, that was going to work. His dad sighed.

"Hiccup, what's going on?"

"Well, it's not likeâ€¦I mean, I should reallyâ€¦uhâ€¦Astrid's sick." He mumbled, scratching the back of his neck awkwardly as he avoided his father's eyes. Stoic snorted.

"Of course. Well, off with ya! Go return your bucket, son!"

With that, Stoic turned and clomped back into the house, laughing boisterously to himself at his "joke". Hiccup stared after him, reaching distractedly for his other fur coat- the one that wasn't with Astrid. How were they related?

Toothless snorted from outside, and Hiccup glared at him.

Astrid had woken up when Hiccup got to the Elder's hut, and was

sitting up in a makeshift bed, propped against some pillows. She was pale, but had lost the glazed look in her eyes, and started when Hiccup tripped his way through the door.

"Hey!" Hiccup greeted her, setting the bucket by the door. Toothless stuck his head in the door, shoving Hiccup out of the way, and gave the girl a gummy grin. She smiled tiredly.

"Hey. Did you guys get the herbs okay?" Hiccup trudged over to his girlfriend, sitting on a stool next to her.

"Yeah, we got them. And gave them to the dragons, which was fun." Astrid laughed weakly.

"I bet. Sorry about theâ€¦y'know."

"What, the unexpected swim in the ocean, or the scaring me half to death with your crazy talk of shoes and birds?"

"Both, I guess." She laughed. The Elder shuffled in, carrying a bowl of soup.

"Eh, you're back again, are you?" she smirked, handing Astrid the bowl.

"Yeah, I just wanted to check on-"

"That's wonderful, yes. Checking on her, that is. Well, she's fine. She needs to rest though, so out you go!" With a flurry of her hands and a dangerous wave of her wooden cane, she pushed Hiccup off of his stool and out the door.

"Hey, wait, I-"

"Say goodnight, now!"

"Um, goodnig-"

The door slammed shut in his face.

"Goodnight Hiccup!" came the call from inside, slightly muffled by the door. Hiccup scowled.

Toothless coughed behind him, and smacked Hiccup pointedly on the shoulder with one wing. Hiccup stuck his tongue out at the door, and turned away, lurching down the steps and back into the night.

He deserved a good night's sleep.

Something had woken him up.

He didn't know what it was, and as he lay there on his bed, staring wide-eyed into the darkness, he wondered if it had been anything at all.

Then he heard it. The unmistakable sound that he had been hearing quite a lot over the past week. The sound of a dragon coughing and hacking, and then the instantly recognizable sound of an explosion as that said dragon sneezed out a fireball.

Hiccup groaned, and hid under his pillow.

Toothless.

This was just w_onderful._

****Hehe. Anyways, hope you all liked it! This little plot bunny has been hopping around in my head for a while now- the inspiration came from the part in the movie where Stoic said something about "shipping the off for feeding gone mad!".****

****Thus this was bornâ€|I'm crazy, I know. This is meant to be a (very long) one-shot, but I might add something to it later if I get a good enough ideaâ€|hint hint.****

****Anyways, please review to this and tell me what you thought about it! ****

****(Don't worry, I promise I'll update my ****Best Things About Animals**** story soon!)****

****Au revoir! ****

End
file.